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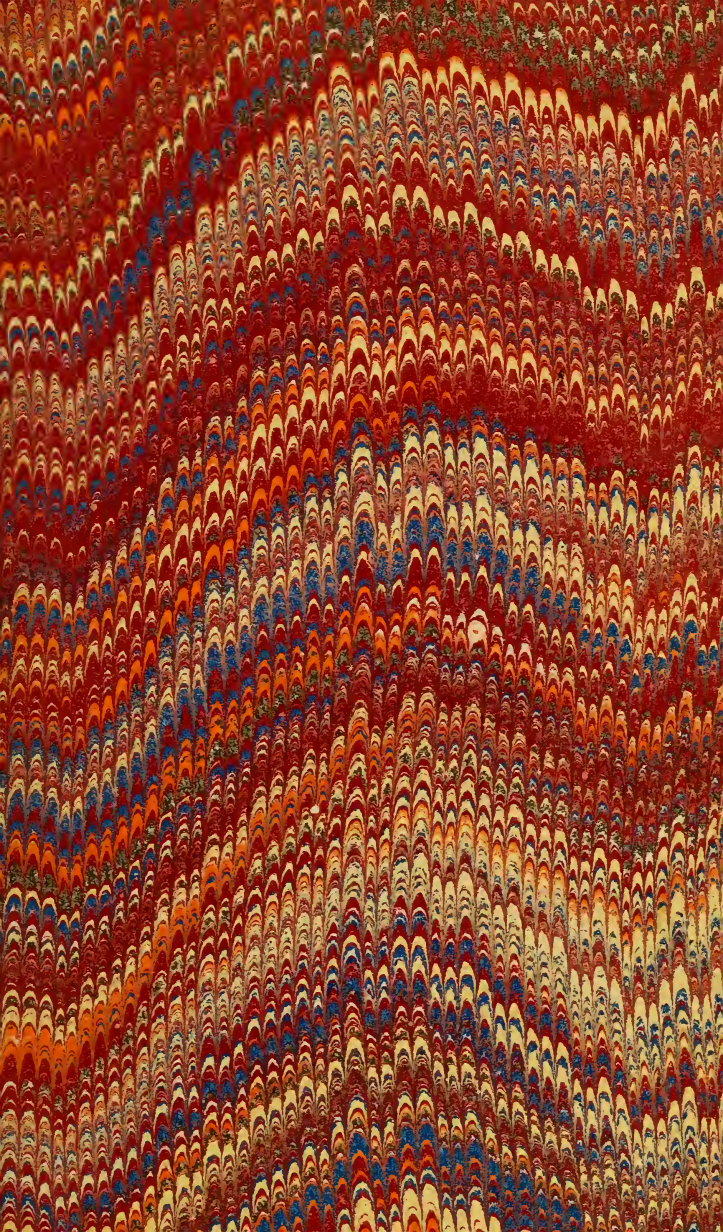
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1849

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



















See Blackwood, Nov. 1862 -  
' Fraser, Jan. '49 -  
' North Amer. Rev. Oct. '57.

THE  
B O T H I E  
OF  
T O P E R - N A - F U O S I C H.





THE  
B O T H I E  
OF  
TOPER-NA-FUOSICH.

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL.

BY  
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.  
"

NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS.

CAMBRIDGE:

JOHN BARTLETT.

1849.

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1749

## NOTE.

THE reader is warned to expect every kind of irregularity in these modern hexameters: spondaic lines, so called, are almost the rule; and a word will often require to be transposed by the voice from the end of one line to the beginning of the next.

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.w. m. 12- Dec. 06.

## MY LONG-VACATION PUPILS

WILL, I HOPE, ALLOW ME TO INSCRIBE THIS TRIFLE TO  
THEM, AND WILL NOT, I TRUST, BE DISPLEASED IF,  
IN A FICTION, PURELY FICTION, THEY ARE HERE AND  
THERE REMINDED OF TIMES WE ENJOYED TOGETHER.





# I.

*Socii cratera coronant.*

It was the afternoon ; and the sports were all but  
over.

Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and  
thrown the hammer ;

Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called  
it,

Eight stout shepherds and gillies had run, two  
wondrous quickly ;

Run too the course on the level had been ; the  
leaping was over :

Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently  
added,

Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume  
that was perfect,

Turning the clansmen about, who stood with up-  
raised elbows ;

Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt  
and sporran.

It was four of the clock, and the sports were all  
but over.

Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for  
the dinner.

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last,  
in dressing.

Hope was the first, black-tied, white-waistcoated,  
simple, His Honor ;

For the postman made out he was son to the Earl  
of Hay,

(As indeed he was, to the younger brother, the  
Colonel,)

Treated him therefore with special respect ; doffed  
bonnet, and ever



Called him his Honor : his Honor he therefore  
was at the cottage.

Always his Honor at least, sometimes the Vis-  
count of Ilay.

Hope was first, his Honor, and next to his  
Honor the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man nick-  
named Adam,

White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-  
cut waistcoat

Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense  
and feeling beneath it ;

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets  
unrivalled ;

*Shady* in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in  
Plays and Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waist-  
coat work of a lady,

Lindsay succeeded ; the lively, the cheery, cigar-  
loving Lindsay,

Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the  
Dialectician,

This was his title from Adam because of the  
words he invented,

Who in three weeks had created a dialect new  
for the party,

Master in all that was new, of whate'er was  
recherché and racy,

Master of newest inventions, and ready deviser of  
newer ;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they  
called him the Piper.

Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-  
loving Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine*  
bathing ; of course too

Arthur Audley, the bather par excellence, glory  
of headers,

Arthur they called him for love and for euphony ;  
so were they bathing,

There where in mornings was custom, where over  
a ledge of granite

Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.

There were they bathing and dressing ; it was but  
a step from the cottage,

Only the road and larches and ruinous millstead  
between.

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam ;  
on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, (splendescant as god  
of Olympus ;

Blue, half-doubtfully blue, was the coat that had  
white silk facings,

Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie finely  
adjusted,

Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet  
of women :

When for ten minutes already the fourwheel had  
stood at the gateway,

He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian  
chamber.

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place  
of the clansmen's meeting.

So in the fourwheel they came ; and Donald  
the innkeeper showed them

Up to the barn where the dinner should be.

Four tables were in it ;

Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised  
from the level,

These for Chairman and Croupier,\* and gentry fit  
to be with them,

Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie  
and peasant.

Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet as-  
sembled ;

Keepers a dozen at least ; the Marquis's targeted  
gillies ;

\* Vice-President.

Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the  
drunkard ;

Many with silver brooches, and some with those  
brilliant crystals

Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the  
Cairn-Gorm ;

But with snuff-boxes all, and all their boxes  
using.

Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established  
Minister standing,

One to say grace before, the other after the  
dinner ;

Catholic Priest ; for many still clung to the  
Ancient Worship,

And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a  
chapel ;

So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other,  
but silent,

One to say grace before, the other after the  
dinner.

Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering  
Factor,  
Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute  
and stately,  
Hither from lodge and bothie\* in all the adjoining  
shootings  
Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes  
and blue books,  
Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of  
the forest,  
Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Rail-  
way Committee.  
Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl  
and Croupier,  
And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome,  
long-looked for, himself too  
Eager, the gray, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the  
Chief and the Chairman.

\* Hut.



Then was the dinner served, and the Minister  
 asked a blessing,  
 And to the viands before them with knife and  
 with fork they beset them ;  
 Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton ; and  
 grouse succeeding ;  
 Such was the feast, with whiskey of course, and at  
 top and bottom  
 Small decanters of Sherry, not overchoice, for the  
 gentry.  
 So to the viands before them with laughter and  
 chat they beset them.  
 And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly  
 been sated,  
 Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God  
 thanks for the dinner.  
 Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-  
 mixed toddy,  
 And, with the bottles and glasses before them,  
 they sat digesting,

Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts  
and speeches.

Spare me, O mighty Remembrance ! for words  
to the task were unequal,  
Spare me, O mistress of Song ! nor bid me re-  
count minutely  
All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed  
tempting toddy,  
Bid me not show in detail, grimace and gesture  
painting,  
How were healths proposed and drunk with all the  
honors,  
Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three  
thrice over,  
Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all,  
and Keepers ;  
Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from gram-  
mar-defiers

Long constructions strange and plusquam-thucydi-  
dëan,

Tell, how as sudden torrent in time of speat \* in  
the mountain

Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the  
roughest,

Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Fran-  
coni's

Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in  
the gallop,

Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one  
yonder,

So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the  
torrent,

All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting  
of syntax,

Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of  
Sir Hector.

\* Flood.

Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as  
ever,  
How the noble Croupier would wind up his word  
with a whistle,  
How the Marquis of Ayr, with quaint gesticu-  
lation  
Floundering on through game and mess-room rec-  
ollections,  
Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted  
gillies,  
Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestri-  
ans,  
Swore he would never abandon his country, nor  
give up deer-stalking ;  
How, too, more brief, and plainer in spite of  
Gaelic accent,  
Highland peasants gave courteous answer to  
flattering nobles.  
Two orations alone the memorial song will  
render ;

For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively  
Sir Hector,

Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often repeated,

Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland soldiers

Whom he erst led in the fight;—something-husky,  
but cheery, though weary,

Up to them rose and spoke the gray but gladsome  
chieftain:—

Fill up your glasses once more, my friends—  
with all the honors,

There was a toast which I forgot, which our gallant  
Highland homes have

Always welcomed the stranger, I may say, delighted to see

Fine young men at my table—My friends! are  
you ready? the Strangers.

Gentlemen, I drink your healths,—and I wish  
you—with all the honors!

So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the  
honors,  
All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché  
detecting His Honor,  
The Guardsman moving to Arthur, the Marquis  
sidling to Airlie,  
While the little drunken Piper came across to  
shake hands with Lindsay. —  
But, while the healths were being drunk, was  
much tribulation and trouble,  
Nodding and beckoning across, observed of At-  
taché and Guardsman :  
Adam would n't speak, — indeed it was known he  
could n't ;  
Hewson could, and would if they wished ; Philip  
Hewson the poet,  
Hewson the radical hot, hating lords and scorning  
ladies,  
Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and  
fury



Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and  
bishops,

Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other things  
the Game-laws :

He could speak, and was asked-to by Adam, but  
Lindsay aloud cried

(Whiskey was hot in his brain) Confound it, no,  
not Hewson,

A'nt he cock-sure to bring-in his eternal political  
humbug ?

However, so it must be, and after due pause of  
silence,

Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling queerly  
to Adam,

Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical  
Hewson.

I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect strang-  
er present.

I have not, as two or three of my friends, in my  
veins some tincture,

Some few ounces of Scottish blood ; no, nothing  
like it.

I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and  
thank you.

So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my  
companions,

Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greet-  
ing,

All the more welcome as showing you do not ac-  
count us intruders

Are not unwilling to see the north and south for-  
gather.

And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English  
more joyously mingled ;

Scarcely with warmer hearts, clearer sense of  
mutual manhood,

Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular  
battle,

Where the life and the strength come out in the  
tug and tussle,

Scarcely, where man confronted man, and soul  
clasped soul,

Close as the bodies and intertwining limbs of  
athletic wrestlers

When for a final bout are a day's two champions  
mated, —

In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and  
claymores,

At the old Flodden-field — Bannockburn — Cullo-  
den.

— (And he paused a moment, for breath, and be-  
cause of cheering,)

We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old  
fighting,

Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other  
better,

We can now shake hands without subterfuge or  
shuffling.

On this passage followed a great tornado of  
cheering,

Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two  
got broken :

He, ere the cheers had died wholly away, and  
while still there was stamping,

Added with a smile in an altered voice his sarcastic  
conclusion.

Yet I myself have little claim to this honor of  
having my health drunk,  
For I am not a game-keeper, I think, nor a game-  
preserver.

So he said, and sat down, but his satire was  
not taken.

Only the *Men*, who were all on their legs as concerned  
in the thanking,

Were a trifle confused, but mostly stared without  
laughing ;

Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his fist  
at the speaker.

Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the  
table,

Started, remembering sadly the chance of a coming election,

Only the Attaché sneered to the Guardsman, who twirled his moustachio,

Only the Marquis faced round, but not quite clear of the meaning

Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat on the table.

And soon after the chairman arose, and the feast was over :

Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith adorned for the dancing,

And our friends, retiring to wait for this consummation,

Were, as they stood in the doorway uncertain, debating together,

By the good chieftain so joyous invited hard-by to the castle.

But as the doorway they quitted, a thin man clad as the Saxon,

Trouser and cap and jacket of home-spun blue,  
hand-woven,

Singled out, and said with determined accent to  
Hewson,

Resting his hand on his shoulder, while each with  
eyes dilating

Firmly scanned each : Young man, if ye pass  
through the Braes o' Lochaber,

See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of  
To-per-na-fuosich.

## II.

Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.

MORN, in yellow and white came broadening out  
from the mountains,

Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn  
of the dancers.

Duly in matutine bathed before eight some two of  
the party,

There where in mornings was custom, where over  
a ledge of granite

Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.

Duly there two plunges each took Philip and  
Arthur,

Duly in matutine bathed, and read, and wished  
for breakfast ;

Breakfast commencing at nine lingered lazily on  
to noon-day.

Tea and coffee was there ; a jug of water for  
Hewson ;

Tea and coffee ; and four cold grouse upon the  
sideboard ;

Cranberry-jam was reserved for tea, and for festive  
occasions :

Gayly they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy  
at breakfast,

Some professing a book, some smoking outside at  
the window.

'Neath an (aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide  
to the zenith, )

Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and  
got home by eleven ;

Hope and the others had stayed till the round sun  
lighted them bedward.



They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier  
women

Spoke — of noble ladies and rustic girls, their  
partners.

Turned to them Hewson, the chartist, the poet,  
the eloquent speaker.

Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas  
and Floras

Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical  
titles

Of the exotic plants, their antitypes, in the hot-  
house :

Roses, violets, lilies for me ! the out-of-door beau-  
ties ;

Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots and  
heartsease !

Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none  
made answer.

O, if our high-born girls knew only the grace,  
the attraction,

Labor, and labor alone, can add to the beauty of  
    women,  
Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think,  
    be at discount,  
All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved  
    us,  
Saved for purposes truly and widely produc-  
    tive ——

                                    That's right,  
Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay,  
    outside in the garden,  
Lindsay, cigar-loving hero, the Piper, the Dialectician,  
Take off your coat to it, Philip.

                    Well, well, said Hewson, resuming ;  
Laugh if you please at my novel economy ; listen  
    to this, though ;  
As for myself, and apart from economy wholly,  
    believe me,  
Never I properly felt the relation of man to woman,

Though to the dancing-master I went, perforce,  
for a quarter,

Where in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls  
in plenty,

Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine — a  
bevy of beauties, —

Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all  
the same I shall say it,)

Never, believe me, revealed itself to me the  
sexual glory,

Till in some village fields in holidays now getting  
stupid,

One day sauntering 'long and listless,' as Tenny-  
son has it,

Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadi-  
boyhood, +

Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnet-  
less maiden,

Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden up-  
rooting potatoes.

*"Not a maiden, nor a boy,  
But a hobbidiboy."*

Was it the air ? who can say ? or herself, or the  
charm of the labor ?

But a new thing was in me ; and longing delicious  
possessed me,

Longing to take her and lift her, and put her  
away from her slaving :

Was it to clasp her in lifting, or was it to lift her  
by clasping,

Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind ;  
hard question !

But a new thing was in me, I too was a youth  
among maidens :

Was it the air, who can say ? but in part 't was  
the charm of the labor.

I was too awkward, too shy, a great deal, be as-  
sured, for advances,

Shyly I shambled away, stopping oft, but afraid  
of returning,

Shambled obliquely away, with furtive occasional  
sidelook,

Long, though listless no more, in my awkward  
hobbadiboyhood. *h?*

Still, though a new thing was in me, though vernal  
emotion, the secret,

Yes, amid prurient talk, the unimparted mysteri-  
ous secret

Long, the growing distress, and celled-up dishonor  
of boyhood,

Recognized now took its place, a relation, oh bliss !  
unto others ;

Though now the poets, whom love is the key to,  
revealed themselves to me,

And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand,  
sat I unwearied,

Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and  
toying, and coying,

Were not so strange as they had been, so incom-  
prehensible purely ;

Still, as before, (and as now,) balls, dances, and  
evening parties,

Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and  
hearing them singing,  
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on  
the dreary piano, /  
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of  
escort,  
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air bal-  
loon-work,  
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a  
carriage,)  
Utter divorcement from work, mother earth, and  
objects of living,  
As mere gratuitous trifling in presence of business  
and duty,  
As does the turning aside of the tourist to look at  
a landscape  
Seem in the steamer or coach to the merchant in  
haste for the city.  
Hungry and fainting for food you ask me to join  
you in snapping —

What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto roman-  
tic inside it ?

Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table  
of nosegays ;

Pretty, I see it, and sweet ; but they hardly would  
grow in my borders.

Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of  
paper-confections,

Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and  
gathered,

Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation  
without it.

That I allow, said Adam.

But he with the bit in his teeth, — scarce  
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly  
on with his rider,

Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away in  
the champaign,

Snorting defiance and force, the white foam fleck-  
ing his quarters,  
Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head project-  
ed before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones !  
oh, could they see, could  
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true  
gallantry kindles,  
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-  
quixotic  
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate  
woman  
Serving him, toiling — for him, and the world ;  
some tenderest girl, now  
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it ? who shall,  
if only  
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed  
from her, mind you,



Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man  
only can offer,

Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue  
of Hellas ; —

Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's  
heart, as into Eden

Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of  
earth uncorrupted,

Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an  
helpmeet for him,

Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to  
his spirit,

Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever him-  
self is,

Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be  
with him ; —

Oh if they saw it and knew it ; we soon should see  
them abandon

Boudoir, toilet, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-  
room,

Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for  
linsey-woolsey,

Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical  
fancies !

So, feel women, not dolls ; so feel the sap of  
existence

Circulate up through their roots from the far-away  
centre of all things,

Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the  
twig that is topmost !

Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted our-  
selves in the seeing,

Bending with blue cotton gown skirted-up over  
striped linsey-woolsey,

Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, water-  
ing cattle,

Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld  
and kissed her,

Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of  
Alexis,

Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching  
soft to the shoulders,

Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to  
stay it,

Home from the river or pump moving stately and  
calm to the laundry ;

Aye, doing household work, as many sweet girls  
I have looked at,

Needful household work, which some one, after  
all, must do,

Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking,  
scouring,

Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden  
uprooting potatoes. —

Or — high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at  
last successful,

Lindsay, this long time swelling with scorn and  
pent-up fury,

Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw  
them,

Petticoats up to the knees, or, it might be, a little  
bit higher,

Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes that  
they trod in the wash-tub !

Laughter loud ensued ; and seeing the Tutor  
embarrassed,

It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling  
sedately,

Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from  
Lindsay,

*For oh, he was a roquey, the Piper o' Dun-  
dee.*

Laughter ensued again ; and the Tutor still  
slightly embarrassed,

Picked at the fallen thread, and commenced a  
reply to Hewson.

There 's truth in what you say, though truly  
much distorted ;

These, I think, no less than other agaceries,  
cloy one ;

Still there 's truth, I own, I perfectly understand  
you.

While the Tutor was gathering his thoughts,  
continued Arthur,

Is not all this just the same that one hears at  
common-room breakfasts,

Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings  
and Beauty ?

And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes ;  
with a cry from the sofa,

There where he lay, the great Hobbes, contem-  
plative, corpulent, witty,

Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrase  
and fancy,

Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at  
intervals playing,

Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as  
rain in the tropics ;

Studios ; careless of dress ; inobservant ; by  
smooth persuasions

Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and  
the Piper,  
Hope an Antinous mere, Hyperion of calves the  
Piper.

Beautiful ! cried he upleaping, analogy perfect  
to madness !

O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call  
it, or fancy !

Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what  
a vista disclosing !

Exquisite germ ! Ah no, crude fingers shall not  
soil thee ;

Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature  
in the oyster.

While at the exquisite pearl they were laugh-  
ing and corpulent oyster,

Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a  
Pugin of women,

How even churning and washing, the dairy, the  
scullery duties,

Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to  
 charms and attractions,  
 Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and  
 artistical handling,  
 And the removal of slops to be ornamentally  
 treated.

Philip who speaks like a book, retiring and  
 pausing he added,  
 Philip here, who speaks — like a folio, say'st  
 thou, Piper ?

Philip shall write us a book, a treatise upon *The*  
*Laws of*  
*Architectural Beauty in Application to Wom-*  
*en ;*

Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary  
 pendent,

Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony  
 stumpy-columnar

(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most  
 moving of any,)

Rising to grace of true woman in English the  
Early and Later,  
Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and  
Loftier stages,

Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the  
Lady-Flamboyant :

Thence why in satire and spite too merciless on-  
ward pursue her

Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-  
fine-lady ?

No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of  
women.

Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of,  
and not to play with.

You are young, you know, he said, resuming to  
Philip,

You are young, he proceeded, with something of  
fervor to Hewson,

You are a boy ; when you grow a man, you 'll  
find things alter.



You will learn to seek the good, to scorn the attractive,

Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and fashion,

Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty also,

Poverty truly attractive, more truly, I bear you witness.

Good, wherever found, you will choose, be it humble or stately,

Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.

Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it only ;

Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said in the Ethics,

That which is good for ourselves, our proper selves, our best selves ;

This if you find in another, desert not, whatever you call it,

Call it a likeness of souls, call it anything else  
you fancy,

Perfect response, if you please, to what would in  
us be most perfect,

Answer most searching to what in ourselves is  
profoundest and shyest :

This if you find in another, desert not, wherever  
you find it,

Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose  
it !

Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all at  
twenty,

You are a boy, as I said ; when you grow a man,  
you 'll say so.

This was the answer he had from the eager  
impetuous Hewson :

Yes, I say it now, I know I 'm young ; and know,  
too,

How the grown-up man puts-by the youthful in-  
stinct,

Learns to deal with the good, but what good is,  
discerns not ;

Learns to handle the helm, but breaks the com-  
pass to steer by ;

In the intuitive loses far more than his gain dis-  
cursive ;

Or, in the lingo you love, the lingo emphatic of  
Aldrich,

Gets up the form syllogistic, ignoring the premiss  
and matter.

While he spoke, Adam rose, sat again, and  
dropping his eyelids

Bowed his face in his hands, and rested his hands  
on the table ;

So for a minute he sat — the one first minute of  
silence ;

Looked up at last, and laughed, and answered,  
speaking serenely,

Speaking serenely, but still with a moisture about  
the eyelids.

Traly, queer fellow is Hewson! for bidding him  
choose good only

Thus to upbraid me with years, chill years that  
are thick'ning to forty.

Nay, never talk! listen now! What I say you  
can't apprehend —

No, you are looking elsewhere. You will not  
ever, I fancy —

Till you ignore your premiss, repairing the loss by  
a new one,

Till you discard your compass, if not for instruc-  
tion in steering,

Yet to purchase a better and pay, I suppose, for  
the purchase.

So much in repartee — but let us return to the  
question.

Partly you rest on truth, old truth, the duty of  
Duty,

Partly on error, you long for equality.

Aye, cried the Piper,

That 's the sore place, that confounded Egalité,  
French manufacture,

He is the same as the Chartist who made an ad-  
dress in Ireland,

*What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good  
as another ?*

*Faith*, replied Pat, *and a deal better too !*

So rattled the Piper :

But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.

Partly in error

Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as  
another ?*

I with the Irishman answer *Yes, better too ;* the  
poorer

Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the  
lower.

Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and  
enjoyment,

Women all have their duties, the one as well as  
the other ;

Are all duties alike ? Do all alike fulfil them ?  
It is to these we must look, and in these we are  
not on a level ;  
Neither in these, nor in gifts, nor attainments, nor  
requirements.  
However noble the dream of equality, mark you,  
Philip,  
Nowhere equality reigns in God's sublime crea-  
tions,  
Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as  
blossom ;  
Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet  
to planet.  
True, that the plant should be rooted in earth, I  
granted you wholly,  
And that the daisy in earth surpasses the cut  
carnation,  
Only, the rooted carnation surpasses the rooted  
daisy :  
There is one glory of daisies, another of carna-  
tions ;

Foolish were budding carnation, in gay parterre  
     by greenhouse,  
 Should it decline to accept the nurture the garden-  
     er gives it,  
 Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial sum-  
     mer,  
 Simply because the field-daisy, that grows in the  
     grass-plat beside it,  
 Cannot, for some cause or other, develope and be  
     a carnation.  
 Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous  
     neighbour?  
 Up, grow, bloom, and forget me ; be beautiful even  
     to proudness,  
 E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies  
     like me.  
 Rooted in earth should it be, carnation alike or  
     daisy,  
 That I grant, and refer you to Shakspeare on  
     gillyflowers,

Where in the Winter's Tale Leontes Perdita questions.

Education and manners, accomplishments, refinements,

Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and drawing,

All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious.

We must all do something, man, woman alike, I own it;

Yes, but woman-and-man in lady-and-gentleman is not

Lost, extinct; it lives; if not, God help them, change them!

We must all do something, and in my judgment do it

In our station; independent of it, but not regardless;

Holding it, not for enjoyment, but because we cannot change it.



Ah! replied Philip, Alas! the noted phrase of  
the prayer book,  
Doing our duty in that state of life to which God  
has called us,  
Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich  
boys say it,  
Standing in velvet frock by mama's brocaded  
flounces,  
Eying her gold-fastened book and the chain and  
watch at her bosom,  
Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and never  
mind others.

Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your econo-  
my leads me,  
Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my  
fancy;  
Benefit of trade, I see, is mockery vile and delu-  
sion.  
Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious  
living

Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not  
seldom,

More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are  
not so guilty.

Ah ! replied Philip again, But as for the rest  
of the story,

Truly I see a good deal in the daisy-carnation  
fable ;

Though I should like to be clear what standing in  
the earth means.

But, as you said to me when this long discussion  
started,

There 's truth in what you say, though I *don't*  
quite understand you.

So the discussion ended ; and Arthur rose up  
smiling,

Now, quoth he, that Philip dare n't bully you  
more, it is my turn.

How will my argument please you ? To-morrow  
we start on our travel.

And took up Hope the chorus.

To-morrow we start on our travel.

Lo the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say  
they, rising ;

Four weeks here have we read ; four weeks will  
we read hereafter ;

Three weeks hence will return and revisit our dis-  
mal classics,

Three weeks hence readjust our visions of classes  
and classics.

Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, un-  
dreamt of

History, Science, and Poets ! lo, deep in dustiest  
cupboard,

Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth  
buried !

Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of  
Old Athens,

Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian  
blackguard !

Sleep, weary Ghosts, be at peace, and abide in  
your lexicon-limbo !

Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculanean  
kindred,

Sleep, and for aught that I care, ‘ the sleep that  
knows no waking,’

Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar,  
and Plato.

Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our  
dreary classics.

And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper,  
the Dialectician.

Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and the  
*wash-hand-stand-bason*,\*

Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *hairy*  
Aldrich.

But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nick-  
named Adam,

Who are they that go, and when do they promise  
returning?

And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself  
continued,

Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and  
Hobbes, and Hewson,

Lindsay and Arthur and Hope to verify Black  
are a quorum.

Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the  
eloquent speaker.

Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and  
Hobbes, peradventure;

Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-  
kilted hero,

Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie 'abide in his  
breaches;'

Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an  
it like them!

Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks pre-  
scribed us;

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more  
weary,  
Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie  
and marquis,  
I will away with the rest, and bury my *hairry*  
'Tottle.

And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful ; you  
go up at Easter,  
This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pu-  
gin of Women.  
Good are the Ethics, I wis ; good absolute, not  
for me, though ;  
Good too Logic, of course ; in itself, but not in  
fine weather.  
Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence,  
Temperance, Justice,  
Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose in-  
cluded,  
Three weeks hence we return, to cares of classes  
and classics.

I will away with the rest, and bury my *hairy*  
'Tottle.

But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nick-  
named Adam,

Where do you mean to go, and whom do you  
mean to visit ?

And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount,  
His Honor, of Ilay.

Kitcat, a Trinity coach, has a party at Drumna-  
drochet,

Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful  
valley of Urquhart ;

Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us,  
and give us a lift too :

Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmori-  
son. Then at

Castleton high in Braemar, strange home, with  
his earliest party,

Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and  
Jones and Lauder.

Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior  
    wrangler,

With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inve-  
    rary.

Finally too, from the kilt and the sofa said  
    Hobbes in conclusion,

Finally Philip must hunt for that home of the  
    probable poacher,

Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the bothie of  
    What-did-he-call-it.

Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and mar-  
    quisses hopeless,

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more  
    weary,

There shall he, smit by the charm of a lovely po-  
    tato-uprooter,

Study the question of sex in the Bothie of What-  
    did-he-call-it.



### III.

Namque canebat uti ———

So in the golden morning they parted and went  
to the westward.

And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes re-  
mained the Tutor ;

Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor Hobbes  
and Airlie ;

One between bathing and breakfast, and six be-  
fore it was dinner,

(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again,  
the dinner,)

Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to  
eleven.

Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll together

Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills  
before them ;

Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the  
cottage remaining,

E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again  
to his reading ;

Other times, stung by the œstrum of some swift-  
working conception,

Ranged, tearing-on in his fury, an Io-cow, through  
the mountains,

Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of  
perspiration,

Far on the peaks, unwitting, the hares and ptarmigan starting.

And the three weeks past, the three weeks,  
three days over,

Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings  
any,

And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became  
uneasy,

And in the golden weather they wondered, and  
watched to the westward.

There is a stream, I name not its name, lest in-  
quisitive tourist

Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into  
guide-books,

Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the  
folds of great mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder,  
enveloped

Then for four more in a forest of pine, where  
broad and ample

Spreads to convey it the glen with heathery slopes  
on both sides :

Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls  
and narrows ;

But, where the lateral glen approaches the vale of  
the river,

Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of  
granite,

Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging  
onward,

Forces its flood through a passage, so narrow, a  
lady would step it.

There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden  
bridge goes,

Carrying a path to the forest; below, three  
hundred yards, say,

Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats  
of shingle,

Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open  
valley.

But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up  
water

Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a  
basin,

Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness  
and fury

Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a  
mirror ;

Beautiful there for the color derived from green  
rocks under ;

Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam up-  
rising

Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue  
of the stillness.

Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent  
birch boughs,

Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and  
pathway,

Still more concealed from below by wood and  
rocky projection.

You are shut in, left alone with yourself and per-  
fection of water,

Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the  
goddess of bathing.

Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the  
fall and clear it ;

Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded  
sparklings,

Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty  
ledges.

Hither, a month ago, they had come, and dis-  
covered ; hither

(Long a design, but long unaccountably left unac-  
complished),

Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above  
to the forest,

Turning below from the track of the carts over  
stone and shingle,

Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural  
causeway

Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the  
streamlet,

Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden be-  
fore them

Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of  
water,

Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the  
goddess of bathing.

There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the glo-  
ry of headers,

Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet,  
he thirty ;

There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot  
height descended,

Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet  
protending ;

There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they  
shrieked and shouted.

“Hobbes’s gutter” the Piper entitles the spot,  
profanely,

Hope “the Glory” would have, after Arthur, the  
glory of headers :

But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive  
reflex

Here in the eddies and there did the splendor of  
Jupiter glimmer,

Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of  
the evening.

Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening  
above them,  
Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and  
Tutor ;  
Turned from the track of the carts, and passing  
the stone and shingle,  
Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the  
natural causeway,  
Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease  
looked up ; and  
Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of  
headers,  
Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigar-  
less, the Piper. —

And they looked, and wondered, incredulous,  
looking yet once more.  
Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an  
Apollo, down-gazing,



Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he  
flung himself in it,

Eyeing through eddying green waters the green-  
tinting floor underneath them,

Eyeing the bead on the surface, the bead, like a  
cloud, rising to it,

Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and  
the clearness,

Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the  
glory of headers ;

Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack,  
spectator and critic,

Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-  
compeller.

Yes, they were come ; were restored to the  
party, its grace and its gladness,

Yes, were here, as of old ; the light-giving orb of  
the household,

Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and  
contentment-diffusing,

In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel  
long, nor be pettish,  
And, the gay fountain of mirth, their own dear  
genial Piper.

Yes, they were come, were here : but Hewson  
and Hope — where they then ?

Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going  
straight, by the pathway ?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper,  
the Cloud-compeller.

Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah  
me, were I with him !

Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my  
word and my reading !

Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might  
be at Balloch !

Only one day to have staid who might have been  
welcome for seven,

Seven whole days in castle and forest — gay in  
the mazy

Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at  
the horny !

And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted,

Hope with the uncle, and Hewson — with him ? or  
where have you left him ?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper,  
the Cloud-compeller.

Hope with the uncle, and Hewson — Why Hewson  
we left in Rannoch,

By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house,  
— reflecting, —

Helping to shear,\* and dry clothes, and it may be,  
uproot potatoes,

Studying the question of sex, though not at What-  
did-he-call-it.

And the Tutor's countenance fell, perplexed,  
dumb-founded

\* Reap.

Stood he — slow and with pain disengaging jest  
from earnest.

He is not far from home, said Arthur from the  
water,

He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the next  
day.

And he was even more reassured by the Piper's  
rejoinder.

Can he have come by the mail, and have got to  
the cottage before us ?

So to the cottage they went, and Philip was  
not at the cottage ;

But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who him-  
self was to follow.

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought  
not Philip,

Two whole days and nights exhausted not question  
and story.

For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected  
of Arthur,

Often by word corrected, more often by smile and  
motion,

How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to  
Culloden,

Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch  
Ness, Loch Arkaig,

Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-  
muick-dhui ;

How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken,  
and slept in kitchens,

Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real  
Glen-livat,

Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down  
them,

Hither and thither had been, and this and that  
had witnessed,

Left not a thing to be done, and had not a *brown*  
remaining.

For it was told withal, he telling, and he correct-  
ing,

How they had met, they believed, with St. John,  
the muckle-hart-slayer,  
How in the race they had run, and beaten the  
gillies of Rannoch ;  
How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost  
Athol,  
Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope com-  
pliant,  
They had defied the keepers ; the Piper alone  
protesting,  
Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but  
tender of game-law ;  
Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's  
fair forest,  
Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and  
intermingle  
Grandly with rowan and ash — in Mar you have  
no ashes,  
There the pine is alone or relieved by birch and  
alder —

How in Meäly fair, while stags were starting be-  
fore — they  
Made the watcher believe they were guests from  
Achnacarry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the  
other correcting,  
Often by word, more often by mute significant  
motion,  
Much of the Cambridge coach and his pupils at  
Inverary,  
Huge barbarian pupils, expanded in infinite se-  
ries,  
Firing-off signal guns (great scandal), from win-  
dow to window  
(For they were lodging perforce in distant and  
numerous houses)  
Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to  
the Tutor : —

Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at  
Drumnadrochet,  
Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness  
horrid and dog-cart;  
Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*,  
but at  
Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest*  
places for bathing,  
One by the bridge in the village, indecent, *the*  
*Town-Hall* christened,  
Where howbeit had Lauder been bathing, and  
Harrison also,  
Harrison even, the Tutor, another like Hesperus  
here, and  
Up the water of Eye, half-a-dozen at least, all  
*stunners*.

And it was told, the Piper narrating and Ar-  
thur correcting,  
Coloring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in  
picture,



He to matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating,  
ing,

He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and idëal,

He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,

River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,

So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,

How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,

Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,

Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,

Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,

Save for a curl at the end where the curve rejoins the level,

Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent un-  
broken, —

How to the element offering their bodies, down-  
shooting the fall, they

Mingled themselves with the flood and the force  
of imperious water.

And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the Pi-  
per correcting,

How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the  
downward impulse

Carries the head under water, delicious, ineffable ;  
how the

Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and  
borne-off by the current

Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the crag-  
gy corner.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected  
of Arthur,

More by word than by motion, change ominous,  
noted of Adam,

How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morn-  
 ing at sunrise,  
 Came in default of the ferryman out of her bed a  
 brave lassie ;  
 And, as Philip and she together were turning the  
 handles,  
 By which the chain is wound that works it across  
 the water,  
 Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as  
 they stept from the boatie,  
 Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with  
 lips ; but  
 That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at  
 by Arthur :  
 How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Fall of  
 Foyers,  
 Where o'er the loch looks at you the summit of  
 Méalfourvónie,  
 How here too he was hunted at morning, and  
 found in the kitchen

Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing  
    them\* smoked for certain,  
Watching the porridge being made, and asking  
    the lassie that made them,  
What was the Gaelic for girl, and what was the  
    Gaelic for pretty ;  
How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet  
    blushingly stammered,  
Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushingly bent  
    o'er the porridge  
Something outlandish — Slan-something, Slan leat,  
    he believed, Caleg Looach,†  
That was the Gaelic it seemed for “I bid you  
    good-bye, bonnie lassie ;”  
Arthur allowed it was true, not of Philip, but of  
    the Piper.  
And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur  
    looked out at the window,

\* *Porridge* is plural.

† *Caileag Laoghach*.

How in thunder and rain — it is wetter far to the  
westward,

Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and  
road, they were welcomed,

Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by  
the lochside of Rannoch ;

How in the three days' detention was Philip ob-  
served to be smitten,

Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and  
comeliest daughter :

Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from  
breakfast to bedtime,

Following her motions with eyes ever brightening,  
softening ever ?

Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand  
waiting at table ?

Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he  
saw her at nightfall

Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beat-  
ing rain to the peat-stack ?

How it so happened a dance was given by Grant  
of Glenurchie,  
And with the farmer they went as the farmer's  
guests to attend it,  
Philip staid dancing till daylight,—and ever-  
more with Katie ;  
How the whole next afternoon he was with her  
away in the shearing,\*  
And the next morning ensuing was found in the  
ingle beside her  
Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron,—  
blowing together,  
Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to  
kindle the embers ;  
Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to  
another, —  
Though, it was true, he was shy, strangely shy,—  
yet it was not nature,

\* Reaping.

Was not nature, the Piper averred, there should n't  
be kissing ;

Then when they packed up their knapsack at  
noon, and proposed to be starting,

Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the  
morning and follow ;

Follow he did not ; do burns, when you go up a  
glen, follow after ?

Follow he had not, nor left ; do needles leave the  
loadstone ?

Nay too, they turned after starting, and looked  
through the trees at the corner,

Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the  
lassie beside him,

Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping  
with stones from the water

Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she  
would spread for the drying.

There had they left him, and there, if Katie was  
there, was Philip,

There drying clothes, making fires, making love,  
getting on too by this time,  
Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.

You may say so, said Arthur,  
For the first time they had known with a peevish  
intonation, —

Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single  
evening,

Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all  
our sojourn ?

Philip had staid, it was true ; the Piper was loth  
to depart too,

Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the  
keeper at Balloch ;

And it was certain that Philip was lame.

Yes, in his excuses,  
Answered the Piper, indeed ! —

Nay, truly, said Hobbes, interposing,  
Did you not say she was seen every day in her  
beauty and bedgown



Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking,  
scouring ?

How could he help but love her ? nor lacked there  
of course the attraction

That in a blue cotton print tucked up over strip-  
ed linsey-woolsey,

Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms  
bare up to the elbows,

Bending with fork in her hand in a garden up-  
rooting potatoes ?

Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Ja-  
cob ?

Truly Jacob, supplanting an hairy Highland  
Esau ?

Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the  
Laban of Rannoch ?

O happy patriarch he, the long servitude ended of  
wooing,

If when he wake in the morning he find not a  
Leah beside him !

But the Tutor enquired, who had bit his lip to  
bleeding,  
How far off is the place ? who will guide me there  
to-morrow ?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope,  
and brought new tidings ;  
Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not  
at Rannoch ;  
He had left that noon, an hour ago.

With the lassie ? —  
With her ? the Piper exclaimed, undoubtedly !  
By great Jingo !

And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs,  
like a hero,  
Partly, for emphasis only, to mark his conviction,  
but also  
Part, in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful  
living.

Really I did not enquire, answered Hope, but I  
hardly think it ;

Janet, Piper, your friend, I saw, and she did n't  
say so,

Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and  
where he was gone to :

One odd thing by the bye, he continued, befell me  
while with her ;

Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass ; I thought  
I had seen her,

Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere ; and  
asked what her name was ;

Elspie Mackaye, she answered, the daughter of  
David ! she 's stopping

Just above there, with her uncle. And David  
Mackaye where lives he ?

It 's away west, she replied, they call it Toper-na-  
fuosich.

## IV.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.

So in the golden weather they waited. But Philip  
came not.

Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his  
writing. —

But, O Muse, that encompassed Earth like the  
ambient ether,

Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive  
electric

Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like  
trail of thy travel,

Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office  
second-hand knowledge

Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch  
the wandering hero.

There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where,  
silent up-heaving,

Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds  
of September,

Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in  
the shining,

Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren  
huge of Bennevis ?

There, or westward away, where roads are un-  
known to Loch Nevish,

And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the  
westernmost islands ?

There is it ? there ? or there ? we shall find our  
wandering hero ?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in  
Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ard-  
namurchan,

Here I see him and here : I see him ; anon I lose  
him !

Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from moun-  
tain to mountain,

Leaving the crest of Benmore to be palpable next  
on Benvohrich,

Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars  
in its hunting,

Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether  
eludent.

Wherefore like cloud of Benmore or hawk over-  
ranging the mountains,

Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber,  
Lochiel, and

Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ard-  
namurchan,

Wandereth he, who should either with Adam be  
studying logic,

Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his  
rhetoric using ;

He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago,  
to the cottage

Punctual promised return to cares of classes and  
classics,

He who smit to the heart by that youngest come-  
liest daughter,

Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading  
clothes from her wash-tub?

Can it be with him through Badenoch deary,  
Lochaber, Lochiel and

Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ard-  
namurchan,

Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired  
lassie of Rannoch?

This fierce furious walking — o'er mountain-top  
and moorland,

Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on  
hill-side sleeping,

Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker  
than rocks by Loch Awen,

This fierce furious travel unwearying, — cannot in  
truth be

Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of  
wooing !

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not ;  
I see him,

Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words  
in the mountain.

Souls of the dead, one fancies, can enter and be  
with the living ;

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could  
go and uphold her !

Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be  
with the living,

Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they  
bring, do they feel too ?

Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner es-  
sence with essence ;

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could  
go and uphold her !



Joy, pure joy, bringing with them, and when they  
retire leaving after

No cruel shame, no prostration, despondency;  
memories rather

Sweet, happy hopes bequeathing. Ah ! wherefore  
not thus with the living ?

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could  
go and uphold her !

Is it impossible, say you, these passionate fer-  
vent impulsions,

These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward  
embraces,

Should in strange ways, in her dreams should vis-  
it her, strengthen her, shield her ?

Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of  
feeling

Setting-in daily from me towards her should, im-  
potent wholly,

Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet  
shore they heave to ?

Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx !

It must reverberate surely, reverberate idly, it may be.

Yea, hath He set us our bounds which we shall not pass, and cannot ?

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her !

Surely, surely, when sleepless I lie in the mountain lamenting,

Surely, surely, she hears in her dreams a voice  
‘ I am with thee,’

Saying, ‘ although not with thee : behold, for we mated our spirits,

Then, when we stood in the chamber, and knew not the words we were saying ;’

Yea, if she felt me within her, when not with one finger I touched her,

Surely she knows it, and feels it, while sorrowing here in the moorland,

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could  
go and uphold her !

Spirits with spirits commingle and separate ;  
lightly as winds do,

Spice-laden South with the ocean-born Zephyr ;  
they mingle and sunder ;

No sad remorse for them, no visions of horror  
and vileness ;

Elements fuse and resolve, as affinity draws and  
repels them ;

We, if we touch, must remain, if attracted, cohere  
to the ending,

Guilty we are if we do not, and yet if we would  
we could not :

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could  
go and uphold her.

Surely the force that here sweeps me along in  
its violent impulse,

Surely my strength shall be in her, my help and  
protection about her,

Surely in inner-sweet gladness and vigor of joy  
shall sustain her,  
Till, the brief winter o'er-past, her own true sap  
in the springtide  
Rise, and the tree I have bared be verdurous e'en  
as aforetime ;  
Surely it may be, it should be, it must be. Yet  
ever and ever,  
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could  
go and uphold her !  
No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not :  
behold, for  
Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words  
in the mountain.  
And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch  
in parlour and kitchen  
Hark ! there is music — yea, flowing of music,  
of milk, and of whiskey,  
Dancing and drinking, the young and the old, the  
spectators and actors,

Never not actors the young, and the old not al-  
way spectators :

Lo, I see piping and dancing ! and whom in the  
midst of the battle

Cantering loudly along there, or look you, with  
arms uplifted

Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing  
his gay-smiling Janet,

Whom ? — whom else but the Piper ? the wary  
precognizant Piper,

Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of  
old invitation,

Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims  
to attention,

True to his night had crossed over : there goeth  
he, brimfull of music,

Like to cork tossed by the eddies that foam under  
furious lasher,

Like to skiff lifted, uplifted, in loch by the swift-  
swelling sluices,

So with the music possessing him, swaying him,  
goeth he, look you,  
Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramp-  
ing, and grasping and clasping  
Whom but gay Janet? — Him rivalling Hobbes,  
briefest-kilted of heroes  
Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere  
fool of a Saxon,  
Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too, — the  
whirl and the twirl o't :  
Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at  
swifter gyration  
Under brief curtain revealing broad acres — not  
of broad cloth.  
Him see I there and the Piper — the Piper what  
vision beholds not ?  
Him and his Honor and Arthur, with Janet our  
Piper, and is it,  
Is it, O marvel of marvels ! he too in the maze of  
the mazy,

Skipping, and tripping, though stately, though  
 languid, with head on one shoulder,  
 Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-hair-  
 ed Katie consoling ?

Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling, and  
 blushing as ever,

What though she wear on that neck a blue ker-  
 chief remembered as Philip's,

Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small con-  
 solement of waistcoats !—

Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in Loch-  
 aber, Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, or Ardna-  
 murchan,

Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling  
 or bothie is sleeping,

He, who, — and why should he not then ? capric-  
 ious ? or is it rejected ?

Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the  
 thrilling fair fingers,

Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom  
the throb of his own, — yea, —  
Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and win-  
ning his Katie ?

What is it Adam reads far off by himself in  
the Cottage ?

Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing  
to answer ?

Answered before too it had been at once, on the  
spur of the moment,

Answered, but oft reconsidered, and after-thought  
needs will be spoken,

What is it Adam is reading ? What was it, Philip  
had written ?

There was it writ, how Philip possessed un-  
doubtedly had been,

Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the  
maiden of Rannoch ;

Deeply as never before ! how sweet and bewitch-  
ing he felt her



Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the  
byre, the kitchen ;  
How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side  
in the shearing,  
Binding uncouthly the ears, that fell from her  
dexterous sickle,  
Building uncouthly the stooks,\* which she laid-by  
her sickle to straighten ;  
How at the dance he had broken through shyness ;  
for four days after  
Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not  
articulate speaking ;  
How in the room where he slept he met her clean-  
ing and dusting,  
How he unmeaningly talked of clothes for the  
washing, — of this thing,  
That thing, and still as he spoke felt folded unto  
her, united,

\* Shocks.

Yea, without touch united, essentially, bodily with  
her,

Felt too that she too was feeling what he did, —  
howbeit they parted !

How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made  
nobler and stronger,

Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and  
perfect,

So forth ! much that before too was heard of —  
Howbeit they parted.

What had ended it all was singular, said he,  
very.

I was walking along some two miles from the  
cottage

Full of my dreamings — a girl went by in a party  
with others ;

She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for  
rain was beginning ;

But as she passed, from the hood I saw her eyes  
look at me.

So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although  
I felt it,

You could n't properly say our eyes met. She  
cast it, and left it :

It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it  
was. I had seen her

Somewhere before I am sure, but that was n't it ;  
not its import ;

No, it had seemed to regard me with simple  
superior insight,

Quietly saying to itself — Yes, there he is still in  
his fancy,

Letting drop from him at random as things not  
worth considering

All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by  
fortune,

Loosing a hold which others, content and unambi-  
tious,

Trying down here to keep-up, know the value of  
better than he does.

Was it this ? was it perhaps ? — Yes there he is  
still in his fancy,

Does n't yet see we have here just the things he is  
used-to elsewhere,

And that the things he likes here, elsewhere he  
would n't have looked at,

People here too are people, and not as fairy-land  
creatures ;

He is in a trance, and possessed ; I wonder how  
long to continue ;

It is a shame and a pity — and no good likely to  
follow.

Something like this, but indeed I cannot the least  
define it.

Only, three hours thence I was off and away in  
the moorland,

Hiding myself from myself if I could ; the arrow  
within me.

Katie was not in the house, thank God : I saw her  
in passing,

Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel  
desertion,

Poignant enough ; which however but made me  
walk the faster,

Like a terrible spur running into one's vitals, and  
through them,

Turning me all into pain and sending me off, I  
suppose like

One that is shot to the heart and leaps in the air  
in his dying.

What dear Katie thinks, God knows ; poor child ;  
may she only

Think me a fool and a madman, and no more  
worth her remembering.

Meantime all through the mountains I tramp and  
know not whither,

Tramp along here, and think, and know not what  
I should think.

Tell me then, why as I sleep amid hill tops  
high in the moorland,

Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the  
dissolute city,  
Where dressy girls slithering-by upon pavements  
give sign for accosting,  
Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and  
shame in their bosoms ;  
Hunger by drink and by that which they shudder  
yet burn for, appeasing, —  
Hiding their shame — ah God, in the glare of the  
public gas lights ?  
Why while I feel my ears catching through slum-  
ber the run of the streamlet,  
Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the  
sign for accosting,  
Still am I passing those figures, nor daring to look  
in their faces ?  
Why when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak  
uneasily wakes me,  
Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven  
of heavens,

No, Great Unjust Judge; she is purity; I am the  
lost one :

No, I defy Thee, strike not; crush me, if thou  
wilt, who deserve it.

You will not think that I soberly look for such  
things for sweet Katie,

Contemplate really, as possible even, a thing that  
would make one

Think death luxury, seek death, to get at damna-  
tion beyond it.

No, but the vision is on me; I now first see how  
it happens,

Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl;  
how passive

Fain would it be, how helpless; and helplessness  
leads to destruction.

Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again  
to reclothe it,

Modesty broken-through once to immodesty flies  
for protection,

Desperate, braving when weakest the greatest and  
direst of dangers ;  
Thinks to be bold and defiant at all times, cannot  
at all times,  
Think by ignoring to fill-up that breach which ig-  
noring but widens.  
Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave  
the tree up in the forest,  
When the next wind casts it down, — is *his* not  
the hand that smote it ?  
Yea, and who barketh the tree, is even as he that  
felleth.

This is the answer, the second, which, ponder-  
ing long with emotion,  
There by himself in the cottage the Tutor ad-  
dressed to Philip.  
I was severe in my last, my dear Philip, and  
hasty ; forgive me ;



Yes, I was fain to reply ere I duly had read  
through your letter ;

But it was written in scraps with crossings and  
counter-crossings

Hard to connect with each other correctly, and  
hard to decipher ;

Paper was scarce, I suppose: forgive me ; I write  
to console you.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought  
in the market ;

Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for  
the asking.

There are exceptional beings, one finds them dis-  
tant and rarely,

Who, endowed with the vision alike and the inter-  
pretation,

See, by their neighbours' eyes, and their own still  
motions enlightened,

In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of  
the forest,

In the child of to-day its children to long generations,

In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.

There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation,

Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone-by; without labor

Owning what others by doing and suffering earn; what old men

After long years of mistake and erasure are proud to have come to,

Sick with mistake and erasure possess when possession is idle.

Yes, there is power upon earth, seen feebly in women and children,

Which can, laying one hand on the cover, read-off, unfaltering,

Leaf after leaf unlifted, the words of the closed book under,

Words which we are poring at, hammering at,  
stumbling at, spelling.

Rare is this; to many in pittance and modicum  
given,

Working, an instinct blind, in woman and child  
and rustic,

Rare in full measure, and often e'en then too  
maimed and hampered;

When with the power of speech, and the spirit  
united of music,

Lo, a new day has dawned, and the ages wait upon  
Shakspeare —

Rare is this; wisdom mostly is bought for a price  
in the market, —

Rare is this; and happy, who buy so much for so  
little,

As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has  
Katie.

Knowledge is needful for man — needful no less  
for woman,

Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of  
shooter and tourist.

Not that, of course, I mean to prefer your  
blindfold hurry

Unto a soul that abides most loving yet most  
withholding ;

Least unfeeling though calm, self-contained yet  
most unselfish ;

Renders help and accepts it, a man among men  
that are brothers,

Views, not plucks the beauty, adores, and demands  
no embracing,

So in its peaceful passage whatever is lovely and  
gracious

Still without seizing or spoiling, itself in itself re-  
producing.

No, I do not set Philip herein on the level of  
Arthur,

No, I do not compare still tarn with furious tor-  
rent,

Yet will the tarn overflow, assuaged in the lake  
be the torrent.

Women are weak as you say, and love of all  
things to be passive,  
Passive, patient, receptive, yea even of wrong  
and misdoing,  
Even to force and misdoing with joy and victori-  
ous feeling  
Passive, patient, receptive ; for that is the strength  
of their being,  
Like to the earth taking all things and all to good  
converting.

Oh 't is a snare indeed ! — Moreover, remember  
it, Philip,

To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone  
to be yielding,

Think that in dealing with them they are raised  
to a different region ;

Where old laws and morals are modified, lost, exist  
not ;

Ignorant they as they are, they have but to conform and be yielding ;

There to protect and to guide them the old '*Tis not usual* avails not,

But of a new '*Tis not right* must the soul be with travail delivered,

Yea, — itself of itself engender and bear the protector.

How shall a poor quiet girl self-create the law and commandment ?

How shall a poor silly sheep get endowed with the will of a woman ?

But I said this in my letter before, and need not repeat it.

You will have seen yourself the danger of pantry-flirtation,

You will not now run after what merely attracts and entices,

Every-day things highly colored, and commonplace carved and gilded.

You will henceforth seek only the good ; and seek  
it, Philip,

Where it is — not more abundant perhaps, but —  
more easily met with ;

Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run  
into error,

In your station, regardful of that, though not de-  
pendent.

But as I said, I have said this before and need  
not repeat it.

So was the letter completed : a postscript after-  
ward added,

Telling the tale that was told by the dancers re-  
turning from Rannoch.

So was the letter completed : but query, whither  
to send it ?

Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the  
hawk of the moorland,

Ranging afar through Lochaber, Lochiel, and  
Knoydart, and Croydart,

Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal  
arrangement.

Query, resolved very shortly when Hope from his  
chamber descending,

Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his  
aunt, of Ilay ;

Came and revealed the contents of a missive that  
brought strange tidings ;

Came and announced to the friends in a voice that  
was husky with wonder,

Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the  
room with the Countess,

Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with  
Lady Maria.

Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately  
refusal,

He there at last — O strange ! O marvel, marvel  
of marvels !

Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this  
morning at Rannoch ;



Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady  
 Maria.

And amid laughter Adam paced up and down,  
 repeating

Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which  
 Hope had lent him,

Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the castle, with  
 Lady Maria.

## V.

—— Putavi

Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

So in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together

Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for Philip,

Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady Maria.

Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September daylight,

Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even later,

Five full hours between for the loch and the glen  
and the mountain, —

So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting  
jackets,

So they read and roamed, the pupils five with  
Adam.

What if autumnal shower came frequent and  
chill from the westward,

What if on browner sward with yellow leaves be-  
sprinkled

Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer  
gemming,

Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly bead  
of hoar frost,

Duly in matutine still, and daily, whatever the  
weather,

Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with  
the Glory of headers

Hope. Thither also at times of cold and of possi-  
ble gutters

Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes,  
or e'er they departed,  
Come, in a heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk  
enwrapping,  
Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,  
All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man  
revealing.

Duly there they bathed, and daily, the twain or  
the trio,  
There where of mornings was custom, where over  
a ledge of granite  
Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent;  
Beautiful, very, to gaze-in ere plunging; beautiful also,  
Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes  
to the sightless,  
Through the great granite jambs the stream and  
glen and mountain,

Purple with heather the mountain, the level stream  
in foreground ;

Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dress-  
ing,

Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring ; them-  
selves too seeming

Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as  
truly

Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there  
by the birches.

So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen  
and forest ;

Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they  
shadow,

Far up the long long glen to the loch, and the  
loch beyond it,

Deep under huge red cliffs, a secret : and oft by  
the starlight,

Or the aurora perchance, racing home for the  
eight o'clock mutton.

So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery  
Highland ;  
There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting  
jackets,  
Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more  
for Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch  
to Adam.

I am here, O my friend ! — idle, but learning  
wisdom.

Doing penance, you think ; content, if so, in my  
penance.

You have conjectured a change must have come  
to my mind : I believe it !

You will believe it too ; if I tell you the thoughts  
that haunt me !

Often I find myself saying, while watching in  
dance or on horseback

One that is here, in her freedom, and grace, and  
imperial sweetness,

Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine  
abjuring,

Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, con-  
victions, —

Were it not well that the stem should be naked of  
leaf and of tendril,

Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismallest stick  
of the garden ;

Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine  
long summers,

So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one  
day at the summit,

So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady  
Maria.

Often I find myself saying, and know not my-  
self as I say it,

What of the poor and the weary? their labor and  
pain is needed.

Perish the poor and the weary ! what can they  
better than perish,

Perish in labor for her, who is worth the destruc-  
tion of empires ?

What ! for a mite, or a mote, an impalpable odor  
of honor,

Armies shall bleed ; cities burn ; and the soldier  
red from the storming

Carry hot rancor and lust into chambers of  
mothers and daughters :

What ! would ourselves for the cause of an hour  
encounter the battle,

Slay and be slain ; lie rotting in hospital, hulk,  
and prison ;

Die as a dog dies ; die secure that to uttermost  
ages

Not one ray shall illumine our midnight of shame  
and dishonor,

Yea, till in silence the fingers stand still on the  
world's great dial



Fathers and mothers, the gentle and good of unborn generations,

Shall to their little ones point out our names for their loathing and horror ?

Yea ? — and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain of a glory denied them,

Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs as spectators ?

Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labor of hodmen ?

And I find myself saying and what I am saying, discern not,

Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner ! and finding be thankful ;

Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection,

While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy cavern,

Far away glitter the gem on the peerless neck of a Princess.

Dig, and starve, and be thankful ; it is so, and  
thou hast been aiding.

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or  
earnest ?

Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich ! be sublime  
in great houses,

Purple and delicate linen endure ; be of Burgundy  
patient ;

Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page  
and the valet,

Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity  
schools or of districts,

Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should  
gleam in your foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to  
proudness,

Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to  
behold you :

Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous ; only  
be lovely, —

Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for enjoyment ;

Not for enjoyment truly ; for Beauty and God's great glory !

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration — of Good or of Evil !

Is it not He that hath done it and who shall dare gainsay it ?

Is it not even of Him, who hath made us ? —  
Yea, for the lions

Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God !

Is it not even of Him, hwo one kind over another

All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order ?

Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,

Who hath made man as Himself to know the law — and accept it !

You will wonder at this, my friend ! I also  
wonder !

But we must live and learn ; we can't know all  
things at twenty.

List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at  
Balloch.

All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are  
Cathedrals,

Such is the orthodox doctrine ; 't is ours with a  
slight variation ;

Every Woman is, or should be a Cathedral,  
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and  
perfect,

Built by that only law, that Use be suggestor of  
Beauty,

Naught be concealed that is done, but all things  
done to adornment,

Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and  
embellish. —

So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style  
of my Philip,

So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the*  
*Laws of*  
*Architectural Beauty in Application to Women,*  
 So had I writ.—But my fancies are palsied by  
 tidings they tell me,  
 Tidings — ah me, can it be then? that I the  
 blasphemer accounted,  
 Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous anal-  
 ogy working,  
 Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst  
 thou, a poet apostate,  
 (How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shep-  
 herd travestie,  
 (How are the mighty fallen!) with gun, — with  
 pipe no longer,  
 Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing  
 recantations,  
 Teachest thy verse to exalt Amryllis, a Countess'  
 daughter?

What, thou forgettest, bewildered, my Master,  
that rightly considered  
Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful  
is graceful ?  
She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids  
must be good looking,  
If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow  
is shapely,  
If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the  
hands that made them,  
If — but alas, is it true ? while the pupil alone in  
the cottage  
Slowly elaborates here thy system of feminine  
graces,  
Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-  
talking and dancing,  
Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a  
Lady Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the  
Tutor from Balloch.

Yes, you have conquered, my friend ! you will  
meet me, I hope, in Oxford,

Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the laws  
and arrangements,

Yield to the ancient existent decrees : who am I  
to resist them ?

Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as  
in manners,

Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your  
Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the Pupils five  
together,

Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not  
now of Philip,

All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting  
jackets.

## VI.

*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.*

BRIGHT October was come, the misty-bright Oc-  
tober,

Bright October was come to burn and glen and  
cottage ;

But the cottage was empty, the matutine de-  
serted.

Who are these that walk by the shore of the  
salt sea water ?

Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt  
sea water ?

Who are these ? and where ? it is no sweet  
seclusion ;



Blank hill sides slope down to a salt sea loch at  
their bases,

Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with  
rowan and alder ;

Cottages here and there out-standing bare on the  
mountain,

Peat-roofed, windowless, white ; the road under-  
neath by the water.

There on the blank hill side, looking down  
through the loch to the ocean,

There with a runnel beside, and pine trees twain  
before it,

There with the road underneath, and in sight of  
coaches and steamers,

Dwelling of David Mackaye and his daughters  
Elspie and Bella,

Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Toper-  
na-fuosich.

And of the older twain, the elder was telling  
the younger,

How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised  
potatoes,  
Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his  
father before him ;  
Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making  
horse-shoes  
Far, in the army had seen some service with brave  
Sir Hector,  
Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith  
and soldier ;  
He had been many things since that,—drover,  
school-master,  
Whitesmith,—but when his brother died childless  
came up hither ;  
And although he could get fine work that would  
pay, in the city,  
Still was fain to abide where his father abode be-  
fore him.  
And the lassies are bonnie,—I ’m father and  
mother to them, —

Bonnie and young; they 're healthier here, I  
judge, and safer :

I myself find time for their reading, writing, and  
learning.

So on the road they walked by the shore of  
the salt sea water,  
Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain con-  
versing.

This was the letter that came when Adam was  
leaving the cottage.

If you can manage to see me before going off to  
Dartmoor,

Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you  
have not seen it)

Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you  
will wonder,

There however I am) to the Bothie of Toper-na-  
fuosich.

And on another scrap, of next day's date, was  
written :

It was by accident purely I lit on the place ; I  
was going

Quietly, travelling homeward, by one of these  
wretched coaches ;

One of the horses cast a shoe ; and a farmer  
passing

Said, Old David 's your man ; a clever fellow at  
shoeing

Once ; just up by the firs ; they call it Toper-na-  
fuosich.

So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our  
acquaintance.

When we came to the journey's end, some five  
miles further,

In my unoccupied evening I walked back again  
to the bothie.

But on a final crossing, still later in date was  
added :

Come as soon as you can ; be sure and do not  
miss me.

Who would have guessed I should find my haven  
and end of my travel,

Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed  
about so ?

Who would have guessed that here would be she  
whose glance at Rannoch

Turned me in that mysterious way ; yes, angels  
conspiring,

Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself ;  
the needle .

Which in the shaken compass flew hither and  
thither, at last, long

Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I am  
cautious ;

More, far more than I was in the old silly days  
when I left you ;

Though I much fear that my eyes may betray me.  
Still I am heedful ;

Any way try ; and have learnt some self-controul  
of manner,

As I conceive, with staying and contemplating at  
Balloch ;

Other things I hope, but clearly to be more re-  
tentive.

Not at the bothie now ; at the changehouse in  
the clachan ; \*

Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell  
you.

There was another scrap, without or date or  
comment,

Dotted over with various observations, as fol-  
lows :

Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did  
not remember.

I was as one that sleeps on the railway ; one, who  
dreaming

\* Public-house in the hamlet.

Hears through his dream the name of his home  
shouted out ; hears and hears not, —

Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in  
distance ;

Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate  
and choice, — and

Sense of claim and reality present, relapses  
Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy,  
while forward

Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows  
not whither.

Handsome who handsome is, who handsome  
does is more so ;

Pretty is all very pretty, it 's prettier far to be  
useful.

No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that ; but I *will*  
say,

Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service  
rendered,

Interchange of service the law and condition of  
beauty :

Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is  
meant for.

I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am  
not intended :

No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Toper-na-  
fuosich ;

No, she transcends it as far as I perhaps fall be-  
low it. —

This was the letter of Philip, and this had  
brought the Tutor :

This is, why tutor and pupil are walking with  
David and Elspie. —

When for the night they part, and these, once  
more together,

Went by the lochside along to the changehouse  
near in the clachan,

Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man  
Adam.



Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as  
morning :

Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the  
Attractive !

Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave  
it !

And by his side in silence walked Philip, and  
presently answered,

Happy is he that finds, if he lose not : but happy,  
and more too,

Blessed, be he by whose showing the seeker is  
changed to the finder.

Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at  
the changehouse,

Ten more nights they met, they walked with father  
and daughter.

Ten more nights, and night by night more distant  
away were

Philip and she ; every night less heedful, by habit,  
the father.

Happy ten days, most happy ; and, otherwise than  
thought of,  
Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to  
David.

Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness !  
Pass o'er them slowly,  
Slowly ; like cruīse of the prophet be multiplied,  
even to ages !

Pass slowly o'er them, ye days of October ; ye  
soft misty mornings,  
Long dusky eves ; pass slowly ; and thou ' great  
Term-Time of Oxford,  
Awful with lectures and books, and little-goes and  
great-goes,

Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and re-  
tire for the lovers,

Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself  
even to doomsday !

Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours ; be with them  
ye Loves and Graces !

Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly  
 bather,  
 Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along  
 by the edges,  
 In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love  
 the plain present,  
 Scorning historic abridgment and artifice anti-  
 poetic,  
 In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and  
 Graces,  
 I will confront the great peril, and speak with the  
 mouth of the lovers,  
 As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the run-  
 nel below them,  
 Elspie a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers  
 watching.

## VII.

Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite ; Vesper Olympo  
Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.

FOR she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and  
    he saw not her blushes,  
Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her  
    father she saw him,  
When at the door the old man had told him the  
    name of the bothie ;  
There after that at the dance ; yet again at the  
    dance in Rannoch —  
And she was silent, confused. Confused much  
    rather Philip

Buried his face in his hands, his face that with  
blood was bursting.

Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her  
fear, and continued.

Katie is good and not silly ; be comforted, Sir,  
about her ;

Katie is good and not silly ; tender, but not like  
many

Carrying off, and at once for fear of being seen, in  
the bosom

Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any  
man gives them,

Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be  
ashamed of ;

That is the way I think, Sir, in England more  
than in Scotland ;

No, she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beau-  
tiful weather,

Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose  
fine weather.

And she is strong to return to herself and feel  
undeserted,

For she always keeps burning a cheerful fire in-  
side her.

Oh, she is strong, and not silly ; she thinks no  
more about you ;

She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know,  
as from simple.

Yes, she is good and not silly ; yet were you  
wrong, Mr. Philip,

Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.

But Philip replied not,  
Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.

And Elspie continued.  
That was what gave me much pain, when I met  
you that dance at Rannoch,  
Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced  
with Donald ;

That was what gave me such pain ; I thought it  
all delusion,

All a mere chance, and accident, — not proper  
choosing, —

There were at least five or six — not there, no,  
that I don't say,

But in the country about, — you might just as  
well have been courting.

That was what gave me much pain, and (you  
wont remember that, though,)

Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's,  
walking,

And I was wondering much, and hoped you  
would n't notice,

So as I passed I could n't help looking. You  
did n't know me.

But I was glad, when I heard next day you  
were gone to the teacher.

And uplifting his face at last, with eyes di-  
lated,

Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with dab-  
bled lashes,

Philip with new tears starting,

                                You think I do not remember,  
Said, — suppose, that I did not observe ! Ah me,  
                        shall I tell you ?

Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from  
                        Rannoch.

It was your glance, that, descending, an instant  
                        revelation,

Showed me, where I was, and whitherward going ;  
                        recalled me,

Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of  
                        thought in the mountains.

Yes, I have carried your glance within me un-  
                        dimmed, unaltered,

As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has  
                        lent her,

Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moor-  
                        land :

It has been with me in shieling and bothie of  
                        wandering drovers,



It has been with me, more precious, in chariot and  
palace of peeress :

And you suppose, that I do not remember, I had  
not observed it !

O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they  
told him his bearings ?

O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the  
compass they gave him ?

And he continued more firmly, although with  
stronger emotion.

Elspie, why should I speak it ? you cannot be-  
lieve it, and should not :

Why should I say that I love, which I all but said  
to another ?

Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you  
only I love ; you,

First and sole in my life that has been and surely  
that shall be ;

Could — O, could you believe it, O Elspie, be-  
lieve it and spurn not !

Is it — possible, — possible, Elspie ?

Well, — she answered,  
Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting, — Well,  
I think of it.

Yes, — I don't know, Mr. Philip, — but only it  
feels to me strangely

Like to the high new bridge, they used to build  
at, below there,

Over the burn and glen on the road. You wont  
understand me.

But I keep saying in my mind — this long time  
slowly with trouble

I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully  
raising,

Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself with-  
out masons,

Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on  
another,

All one side I mean ; and now I see on the  
other .

Just such another fabric uprising, better and  
stronger,  
Close to me, coming to join me : and then I some-  
times fancy, —  
Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about  
arches and bridges, —  
Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand com-  
ing down, and  
Dropping the great keystone in the middle : there  
in my dreaming,  
There I feel the great keystone coming in, and  
through it  
Feel the other part — all the other stones of the  
archway,  
Joined into mine with a queer happy sense of  
completeness, tingling  
All the way up from the other side's basement-  
stones in the water,  
Through the very grains of mine : — just like,  
when the steel, that you showed us

Moved to the magnet, it seemed a feeling got hold  
of them both. But

This is confusion and nonsense. I am mixing all  
things I can think of.

And you wont understand me, Mr. Philip.

But while she was speaking,  
So it happened, a moment she paused from her  
work, and pondering,

Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did  
not resist:

So he retained her fingers, the knitting being  
stopped. But emotion

Came all over her more and more, from his hand,  
from her heart, and

Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was  
renewing.

So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-  
dropping on it,

Trembling a long time kissed it at last. And she  
ended.

And as she ended, up rose he ; saying, What have  
I heard ? Oh,

What have I done, that such words should be said  
to me ? Oh, I see it,

See the great keystone coming down from the  
heaven of heavens !

And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her  
apron.

But as under the moon and stars they went to  
the cottage,

Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr.  
Philip,

Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so  
sudden.

Do not say anything yet to any one.

Elspie, he answered,

Does not my friend go on Friday ? I then shall  
see nothing of you :

Do not I go myself on Monday ?

But oh, he said, Elspie ;

Do as I bid you, my child ; do not go on calling  
me Mr. ;

Might I not just as well be calling you Miss  
Elspie ?

Call me, this heavenly night, for once, for the first  
time, Philip.

Philip, she said and laughed, and said she could  
not say it ;

Philip, she said ; he turned, and kissed the sweet  
lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way  
of Philip ;

And at the evening seat when he took her hand  
by the alders,

Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,

No, Mr. Philip,

I was quite right, last night ; it is too soon, too  
sudden.

What I told you before was foolish, perhaps, was  
hasty.

When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified  
at it.

Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I  
said it,

And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait,  
Mr. Philip!

We must n't pull ourselves at the great keystone  
of the centre;

Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and  
fix it;

If we try to do it, we shall only damage the arch-  
way,

Damage all our own work that we wrought, our  
painful up-building.

When, you remember, you took my hand last  
evening, talking,

I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the  
fingers

After, and afterwards kissed it, I could not speak.

And then, too,

As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name. It was dreadful.

I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,

I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin, and others ;

It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it ;

But Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different quite, Sir.

When I think all that over, I am shocked and terrified at it.

Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued, Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.

You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip ! you are like the sea there,



Which *will* come, through the straits and all be-  
tween the mountains,  
Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and  
inlet,  
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet in-  
land water,  
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving  
it backward,  
Quite preventing its own quiet running: And  
then, soon after,  
Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and  
wrack and uncleanness :  
And the poor burn in the glen tries again its  
peaceful running,  
But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks  
disordered.  
That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the  
burnie,  
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine,  
and could not ;

I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the  
great salt tide, that

Would mix-in itself with me, and change me ; I  
felt myself changing ;

And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my  
dream. It was dreadful.

You are too strong, Mr. Philip ! I am but a poor  
slender burnie,

Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and  
birch of the woodies,

Quite unused to the great salt sea ; quite afraid  
and unwilling.

Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip re-  
leased her fingers :

As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook,  
and shivered ;

There he stood, looking pale and ghastly ; when  
she had ended,

Answering in hollow voice,

It is true ; oh quite true, Elspie ;

Oh, you are always right ; oh, what, what have I  
been doing !

I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not  
wholly,

Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me, no, do not hate me,  
my Elspie.

But a revulsion passed through the brain and  
bosom of Elspie ;

And she got up from her seat on the rock ; put-  
ting by her knitting ;

Went to him, where he stood, and answered.

No, Mr. Philip,

No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle ; and I  
am the foolish ;

No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly  
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers ; he dar-  
ing no movement ;

Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the  
heavy elbow.

I am afraid, she said, but I will ! and kissed the  
fingers.

And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past  
counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom  
of Elspie ;  
And the passion she just had compared to the  
vehement ocean,  
Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way  
through the mountains,  
Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs  
from the inland ;  
That great water withdrawn, receding here and  
passive,  
Felt she in myriad springs, her sources, far in the  
mountains,  
Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-out-  
flowing,

Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate  
rill in the valley,

Filling it, making it strong, and still descending,  
seeking,

With a blind forefeeling descending, evermore  
seeking,

With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea be-  
fore it ;

There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its  
bosom,

Waters that still from their sources exhaustless  
are fain to be added.

As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the  
ground before her,

Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of  
what she was doing

Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous  
vague emotion,

Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the  
curl on his forehead :

And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first  
time, round her

Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close  
to his bosom.

As they went home by the moon, Forgive me,  
Philip, she whispered ;

I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden ;

I who had never once thought a thing, — in my  
ignorant Highlands.

## VIII.

Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur hymenæus,  
Hymen, O hymenæe ! Hymen, ades, O hymenæe !

BUT a revulsion again came over the spirit of  
Elspie,

When she thought of his wealth, his birth and  
education :

Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference  
truly ;

Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds  
his portion,

Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is  
had for nothing ;

Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and simple.

But the many things that he knew, and the ease of a practised

Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable graces

(Were they not hers, too, Philip?) to speech and manner, and movement,

Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed feeling, —

When she thought<sup>d</sup> of all these, and these contemplated daily,

Daily appreciating more, and more exactly appraising, —

With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a thing she could not

Estimate, and of a step (such a step!) in the dark to be taken,

Terror nameless and ill understood of deserting her station, —



Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sor-  
row,

Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the  
conviction,

He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so  
unworthy,

(Ah me ! Philip, that ever a word such as that  
should be written !)

It would not do for him ; nor for her ; she also  
was something,

Not much indeed and different, yet not to be  
lightly extinguished.

Should *he* — *he* have a wife beneath him ? her-  
self be

An inferior there where only equality can  
be ?

It would do neither for him, nor for her.

Alas for Philip !

Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor  
had availed then

All his prayer and all his device. But much was  
spoken

Now, between Adam and Elspie ; companions  
were they hourly :

Much by Elspie to Adam, enquiring, anxiously  
seeking,

From his experience seeking impartial accurate  
statement

What it was to do this or do that, go hither or  
thither,

How in the after life would seem what now seem-  
ing certain

Might so soon be reversed ; in her quest and ob-  
scure exploring

Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her  
footsteps ;

Much by Elspie to Adam, enquiring, eagerly seek-  
ing :

Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassur-  
ing,

Much that was sweet to Elspie by Adam, heed-  
fully speaking,

Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,  
Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognizant wholly,  
But as suspending until she could seek it, direct  
intimation ;

Much that was sweet in her heart of what he  
was and would be,

Much that was strength to her mind, confirming  
beliefs and insights

Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and  
timid for action ;

Much of relations of rich and poor, and true ed-  
ucation.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright  
October,

Then when brackens are changed, and heather  
blossoms are faded,

And amid russet of heather and fern green trees  
are bonnie ;

Alders are green, and oaks ; the rowan scarlet  
and yellow ;

One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the  
aspen,

And the jewels of gold that were hung in the  
hair of the birch-tree,

Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace,  
and earrings,

Cover her now, o'er and o'er ; she is weary and  
scatters them from her.

There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright  
October,

Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth  
to Philip.

For as they talked, anon she said —

It is well, Mr. Philip.

Yes, it is well : I have spoken, and learnt a deal  
with the teacher.

At the last I told him all, I could not help  
it ;

And it came easier with him than could have  
been with my father ;

And he calmly approved, as one that had fully  
considered.

Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too  
great and sudden,

I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for  
years yet.

I am afraid ; but believe in you ; and I trust to  
the teacher :

You have done all things gravely and temperate,  
not as in passion ;

And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell  
what is likely.

What my father will say, I know not : we will  
obey him :

But for myself, I could dare to believe all well,  
and venture.

O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be  
different !

And she hid her face —

O, where, but in Philip's bosom !

After some silence, some tears too perchance,

Philip laughed and said to her,

So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that

I 'm bad enough for you.

Ah, but your father wont make one half the

question about it

You have — he 'll think me, I know, nor better

nor worse than Donald,

Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship

and book-work,

Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vaga-

bond fellow,

Though he allows, but he 'll think it was all for

your sake, Elspie,

Though he allows I did some good at the end of

the shearing.

But I had thought in Scotland you did n't care for

this folly,

How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days  
in the Highlands,

This is what comes of the year you spent in our  
foolish England.

You do not all of you feel these fancies.

No, she answered,

And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy  
was reviving,

No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for  
her knitting,

No, nor do *I*, dear Philip, I don't myself feel al-  
ways

As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four  
days lately,

Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last win-  
ter,

Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pi-  
zarro ;

Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards ; only  
weaker ;

And that the one big tree might spread its root  
and branches,

All the lesser about it must even be felled and  
perish.

No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you,  
were,

Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that up  
from old time

Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue  
and life of

Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds  
and nations,

And must have for itself the whole world for its  
root and branches.

No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the  
shadow ;

Yes, I feel the life-juices of all the world and the  
ages

Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt  
and poorer,



You are more near, but then you will help to convey them to me.

No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully! —

While you look so

Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing and trembling,

Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rushing river.

And I feel coming into me from you, or perhaps from elsewhere,

Strong contemptuous resolve; I forget, and I bound as across it.

But after all, you know, it may be a dangerous river.

Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry you over.

Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me for a burthen.

O sweet burthen, he said, and are you not light as a feather?

But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and ears too.

O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves will support us,

Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat underneath us ;

There is a boat, he said, and a name is written upon it,

Love, he said, and kissed her. —

But I will read your books, though,  
Said she, you 'll leave me some, Philip.

Not I, replied he, a volume.  
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low together.

Women must read, — as if they did n't know all beforehand :

Weary of plying the pump we turn to the running water,

And the running spring will needs have a pump built on it.

Weary and sick of our books we come to repose  
in your eye-sight,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and  
beauty of Nature,

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of the things we are  
sick to death of.

What, she said, and if I have let you become  
my sweetheart,

I am to read no books ! but you may go your  
ways then,

And I will read, she said, with my father at home  
as I used to.

If you must have it, he said, I myself will read  
them to you.

Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself,  
when I choose it ;

What, you suppose we never read anything here  
in our Highlands,

Bella and I with the father in all our winter even-  
ings.

But we must go, Mr. Philip —

I shall not go at all, said  
He, if you call me Mr. Thank heaven ! that 's  
well over.

No, but it 's not, she said, it is not over, nor  
will be.

Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you  
first by ?

No, Mr. Philip, no — you have kissed me enough  
for two nights,

No — come, Philip, come, or I 'll go myself with-  
out you.

You never call me Philip, he answered, until I  
kiss you.

As they went home by the moon that waning  
now rose later,

Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel un-  
der the alders,

Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will  
not be a lady,

We will do work together, you do not wish me a  
lady,

It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness ; still  
it is so,

I could not bear to be served and waited upon by  
footmen,

No, not even by women —

And, God forbid, he answered,  
God forbid you should ever be ought but yourself,  
my Elspie,

As for service, I love it not, I ; your weakness is  
mine too,

I am sure Adam told you as much as that about  
me.

I am sure, she said, he called you wild and  
flighty.

That was true, he said, till my wings were  
clipped by Elspie.

But, my Elspie, he said, you would like to see, I  
fancy,

Something of the world, of men and women.

You will not refuse me,

You will one day come with me and see my uncle  
and cousins,

Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You  
should go, if you liked it,

Just as you are ; just what you are, at any rate,  
my Elspie.

Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility  
stage-play

One little look, to leave it with all the more satis-  
faction.

That may be, my Philip, she said, you are good  
to think of it.

But we are letting our fancies run-on indeed ;  
after all

It may all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to noth-  
ing whatever.

There is so much that needs to be done, so much  
that may happen.

All that needs to be done, said he, shall be done,  
and quickly.

And on the morrow he took good heart and  
spoke with David ;  
Not unwarned the father, nor had been unper-  
ceiving ;  
Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured  
by Adam.  
In the first few days after Philip came to the  
bothie  
They had become hearty friends, full of trust the  
one in the other :  
And in these last three he had talked with him  
much, and tried him.  
And he remembered, how at the first he had liked  
the lad ; and,  
Then too, the old man's eye was much more for  
inner than outer,

And the natural tune of his heart without mis-  
giving

Went to the noble words of that grand song of the  
Lowlands,

*Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man  
for a' that.*

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it  
now, but insisted

Philip should go to his books: if he chose, he  
might write; if after

Chose to return, might come; he truly believed  
him honest.

But a year must elapse, and many things might  
happen.

Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie,  
and blessed them;

Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not, when at  
the doorway

Standing with you, and telling the young man to  
come and see us,



I did not think he would one day be asking me  
here to surrender

What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of  
Toper-na-fuosich.

## IX.

Arva, beata Petamus arva !

So on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread  
returning,

Philip returned to his books, and read, and re-  
mained at Oxford,

All the Christmas and Easter remained and read  
at Oxford.

Great was wonder in College when Postman  
showed to Butler

Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Toper-  
na-fuosich,

Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every  
Sunday :

Great at that Highland post was wonder too  
and conjecture,

When the postman showed letters to wife, and  
wife to the lasses,

And the lasses declared they could n't be really  
to David ;

Yes, they could see inside a paper with E.  
upon it.

Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine,  
and supper,

Keen the conjecture and joke ; but Adam kept  
the secret,

Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like  
fury.

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas  
to Adam.

What I said at Balloch has truth in it ; only dis-  
torted.

Plants are some for fruit, and some for flowering  
only ;

Let there be deer in parks, as well as kine in  
paddocks,

Grecian buildings upon the earth, as well as  
Gothic.

There may be men, perhaps, whose vocation it is  
to be idle,

Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must  
be :

Only let each man seek to be that for which  
Nature meant him,

Independent surely of pleasure, if not regard-  
less,

Independent also of station, if not regardless :

Irrespective alike of station, as of enjoyment,

Do his duty in that state of life to which God, not  
man, shall call him.

If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out  
with you, and do it,

If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I  
will feed thee ;

Take my purse ; you have far better right to it,  
friend, than the Marquis.

If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by  
your dress, to believe so,

Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery  
stable ;

Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the  
corner,

Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the  
eighth commandment.

What a mere Dean, with those wits, that debtor-  
and-creditor head-piece !

Go, my detective D. D., take the place of Burns  
the gauger.

Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live, and  
be lovely,

Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious  
ware, who

Might be plain women, and can be by no possibil-  
ity better !

— Ye unhappy statuettes, ye miserable trinkets,

Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,

Come, in God's name, come down! the very French clock by you

Puts you to shame with ticking; the fire-irons deride you.

Break your glasses, ye can! come down, ye are not really plaster,

Come, in God's name, come down! do anything, be but something!

You, young girl, who have had such advantages, learnt so quickly,

Can you not teach? O yes, and she likes Sunday school extremely,

Only it's soon in the morning. Away! if to teach be your calling,

It is no play, but a business: off! go teach and be paid for it.

Surely, that fussy old dowager yonder was meant  
for the counter ;

Oh, she is notable very, and keeps her servants in  
order

Past admiration. Indeed, and keeps to employ  
her talent

How many, pray ? to what use ? Away, the  
hotel 's her vocation.

Lady Sophia 's so good to the sick, so firm and  
so gentle.

Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse  
and matron ?

Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa ?  
in with them,

In with your fingers ! their beauty it spoils, but  
your own it enhances ;

For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are  
meant for.

But they will marry, have husbands, and children,  
and guests, and households —

Are there then so many trades for a man, for  
women one only,

First to look out for a husband and then to pre-  
side at his table ?

Learning to dance, then dancing, then breeding,  
and entertaining ?

Breeding and rearing of children at any rate the  
poor do

Easier, say the doctors, and better, with all their  
slaving.

How many, too, disappointed, not being this, can  
be nothing !

How many more are spoilt for wives by the means  
to become so,

Spoilt for wives and mothers, and everything else  
moreover !

This was the answer that came from the Tutor,  
the grave man, Adam.

Have you ever, Philip, my boy, looked at it in  
this way ?



When the armies are set in array, and the battle  
beginning,

Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the  
leftward

Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do  
best service ?

There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who  
arrays our battalions ;

Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in  
our stations.

This was the final retort from the eager, impet-  
uous Philip.

I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me  
sadly ;

Children of circumstance are we to be ? you an-  
swer, On no wise !

Where does Circumstance end, and Providence  
where begins it ?

In the revolving sphere which is upper, which is  
under ?

What are we to resist, and what are we to be  
friends with ?

If there is battle, 't is battle by night : I stand in  
the darkness,

Here in the *melée* of men, Ionian and Dorian on  
both sides,

Signal and password known ; which is friend and  
which is foeman ?

Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the  
voice of a brother.

Still you are right, I suppose ; you always are,  
and will be.

Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to  
the duty of order.

Let us all get on as we can, and do what we 're  
meant for,

Or, as is said in your favorite weary old Ethics,  
our *ergon*.

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, Where *is* the  
battle ?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, in spite of  
my Elspie,

O that the armies indeed were arrayed, O joy of  
the onset,

Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great  
Cause, to array us,

King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing  
seek thee.

Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O  
where is the battle !

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in  
Israel,

Only infinite jumble and mess and disloca-  
tion,

Backed by a solemn appeal, ' For God's sake do  
not stir, there ! '

Yet you are right, I suppose ; if you don't attack  
my conclusion,

Let us get on as we can, and hunt for and do the  
ergon.

That is n't likely to be by sitting still, eating and  
drinking.

Yes, you are right, I dare say, you always were  
and will be,

And in default of a fight I will put up with peace  
and Elspie.

These are fragments again without date ad-  
dressed to Adam.

As at return of tide the total weight of  
ocean,

Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and  
Greenland,

Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull and  
Scarfa,

Heaving, swelling, spreading, the might of the  
mighty Atlantic ;

There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavern-  
ous bottom

Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth  
sea-surface

Eddies, coils, and whirls ; by dangerous Cor-  
ryvreckan :

So in my soul of souls, through its cells and secret  
recesses,

Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old dem-  
ocratic fervor.

But as the light of day enters some populous  
city,

Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-  
streak signal,

High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out  
the gas lamps, —

· All the great empty streets are flooded with  
broadening clearness,

Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous ac-  
cess

Permeates far and pierces, to very cellars ly-  
ing in

Narrow high back-lane, and court and alley of  
alleys :

He that goes forth to his walk, while speeding to  
the suburb,  
Sees sights only peaceful and pure ; as, laborers  
settling  
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweet-  
ness of slumber ;  
Humble market-carts, coming-in, bringing-in, not  
only  
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of  
the country  
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers ;  
soon after  
Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shut-  
ters  
Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by  
the doorway ;  
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio,  
satchel,  
Hampered as they haste, those running, these  
others maidenly tripping ;

Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it  
may be

Meet his sweetheart — waiting behind the garden  
gate there ;

Merchant on his grass-plat haply, bareheaded ;  
and now by this time

Little child bringing breakfast to “ father ” that  
sits on the timber

There by the scaffolding ; see, she waits for the  
can beside him ;

Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit  
fires :

So that the whole great wicked artificial civilized  
fabric, —

All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway  
outworks, —

Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and  
Beauty : —

— Such — in me, and to me, and on me the love  
of Elspie !

Philip returned to his books, but returned to  
his Highlands after ;  
Got a first 't is said ; a winsome bride, 't is cer-  
tain.  
There while courtship was ending, nor yet the  
wedding appointed,  
Under her father he learnt to handle the hoe and  
the hatchet :  
Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and  
Arthur to see him  
Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison :  
Adam the tutor,  
Arthur, and Hope ; and the Piper anon who was  
there for a visit.  
He had been into the schools ; plucked almost ;  
all but a *gone-coon* ;  
So he declared ; never once had brushed up his  
*hairy* Aldrich ;  
Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime  
and ideal



Gave to historical questions a free poetical treatment ;

Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their lexicon-limbo,

Took Aristophanes up at a shot ; and the whole three last weeks

Went in his life and the sunshine rejoicing to Nuneham and Godstowe :

What were the claims of Degree to those of life and the sunshine ?

There did the four find Philip, the poet, the speaker, the chartist,

Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland landlords,

Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the Piper's fury.

There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and the Piper was almost,

Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of Elspie ;

But the good Adam was heedful; they did not go  
too often.

There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright  
October,

When the brackens are changed, and heather  
blossoms are faded,

And amid russet of heather and fern green trees  
are bonnie,

There, when shearing had ended, and barley-  
stooks were garnered,

David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his dar-  
ling Elspie;

Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip  
the poet.

So won Philip his bride. They are married  
and gone — But oh, Thou

Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the  
playful and tender,

Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly  
to thy Pindus,

(Pindus is it, O Muse, or Aetna, or even Ben-  
Nevis?)

Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and  
Idyll,

Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair  
gratulations.

Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine-chest  
and tool-box,

Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and a rifle  
the Piper,

Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family  
Bible,

Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a Bible and iron  
bedstead.

What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by  
the corpulent hero?

This is the letter of Hobbes the kilted and corpu-  
lent hero.

So the last speech and confession is made, O  
my eloquent speaker!

So *the good time* is coming,\* or come is it? O my  
chartist!

So the Cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin  
of Women;

Finished, and now, is it true? to be taken out  
whole to New Zealand!

Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with  
Ruth, O Boaz,

Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her  
gods, her mountains,

Quitted her Moab-Lochaber for thee, thou Naomi-  
Boaz.

Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethle-  
hem said they,

Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and  
Leah unto thee!

Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bed-  
stead!

\* "The Good Time Coming." — Chartist Song.

Yea, to the full golden fifty be lengthened ! while  
 fair memoranda  
 Duly fill-up the fly-leaves duly left in the Family  
 Bible.

Live, be happy, and look too to keep a whole skin  
 on thy sirloin.

Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, mayst thou,  
 an unroasted Grandsire,

See thy children's children, and Democracy upon  
 New Zealand !

This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the  
 Postscript after.

Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in  
 a postscript ;

Listen to wisdom — *Which things* — you perhaps  
 did n't know, my dear fellow,

I have reflected ; *Which things are an allegory*,  
 Philip.

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage ; which, I  
 have seen it,

Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be,  
bigamy only,

Even in noblest kind a duality, compound and  
complex,

One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and  
earthy :

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and Laban  
their father

Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and  
hard taskmaster.

Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of  
Heth by the desert ;

Rachel we met at the well ; we came, we saw, we  
kissed her ;

Rachel we serve-for, long years, — that seem a  
few days only,

E'en for the love we have to her, — and win her  
at last of Laban.

Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand  
of her father ?

Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from  
the altar ?

Rachel we dream-of at night : in the morning, be-  
hold, it is Leah.

“ Nay, it is custom,” saith Laban, and Leah in-  
deed is the elder.

Happy and wise who consents to redouble his ser-  
vice to Laban,

So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder  
the younger,

Not repudiates Leah, but wins him the Rachel  
unto her !

Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Philip, she also  
is worthy ;

So — many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and  
survive her sister :

Yea and her children — *Which things are an  
allegory*, Philip,

Aye, and by Origen’s head with a vengeance too,  
a long one !

This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man  
nicknamed Adam.

I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your  
departure ;

Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your  
beautiful Elspie.

Happy is he that found, and finding was not  
heedless ;

Happy is he that found, and happy the friend that  
was with him.

So won Philip his bride ; —

They are married, and gone to New Zealand.  
Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and  
two or three pictures,

Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the  
sphere to New Zealand.

There he hewed, and dug ; subdued the earth and  
his spirit ;

There he built him a home ; there Elspie bare him  
his children,



David and Bella ; perhaps ere this too an Elspie  
or Adam ;

There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of  
corn and flax fields ;

And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of To-per-na-  
fuosich.

THE END.



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